



ONCE UPON A TIME AT THE END OF THE WORLD™

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ALEXANDRE TEFENKGI

LEE LOUGHRIDGE

WITH NICK DRAGOTTA AND RICO RENZI



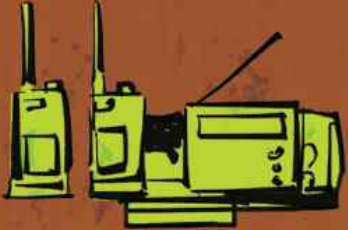
#1

BOOM!
STUDIOS



BOOK ONE

LOVE IN THE WASTELAND



CHAPTER ONE

THE TOWER IN THE SEA

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UNLOCKABLE VARIANT COVER BY
ALEXANDRE TEFENKGI

LOCAL COMICS SHOP DAY EXCLUSIVE COVER BY
NAOMI FRANQUIZ



A person in a small, reddish-brown wooden boat is navigating through a vast, desolate landscape of floating plastic debris. The debris includes various items like bottles, cans, and fragments of wood and metal, all rendered in a dark, muted color palette. In the background, several tall, thin, vertical poles or masts rise from the sea, some with horizontal cross-arms. The sky is a deep, dark purple, suggesting a twilight or night setting. The overall scene is one of environmental devastation and isolation.

She'd been sailing
for nineteen and
five-eighths days.

Past glaciers of
melted plastic.

Through fields of
green, glowing ice
that burned her eyes.

Above wild infernos raging
in the deep, where the sea
was scabbed with ash and
pockmarked with geysers
of gushing black fire.

She'd seen no
other living soul
upon the water.

She hoped it
would stay
that way.



She rowed into the unknown.
With the vigor of someone
who knew exactly what it was
she was rowing away from.



She told herself
when she left that she
would sail until she hit
land or ran out of food.



She'd run out
of food three
days ago.



SQUISH



But she would've
kept right on rowing.



Through the flooded
forest of steel and
the toxic swamp. And
whatever lay beyond.



She would've sailed
right past the *tower*
and never once
looked back.



But as it
was... *life*
intervened.





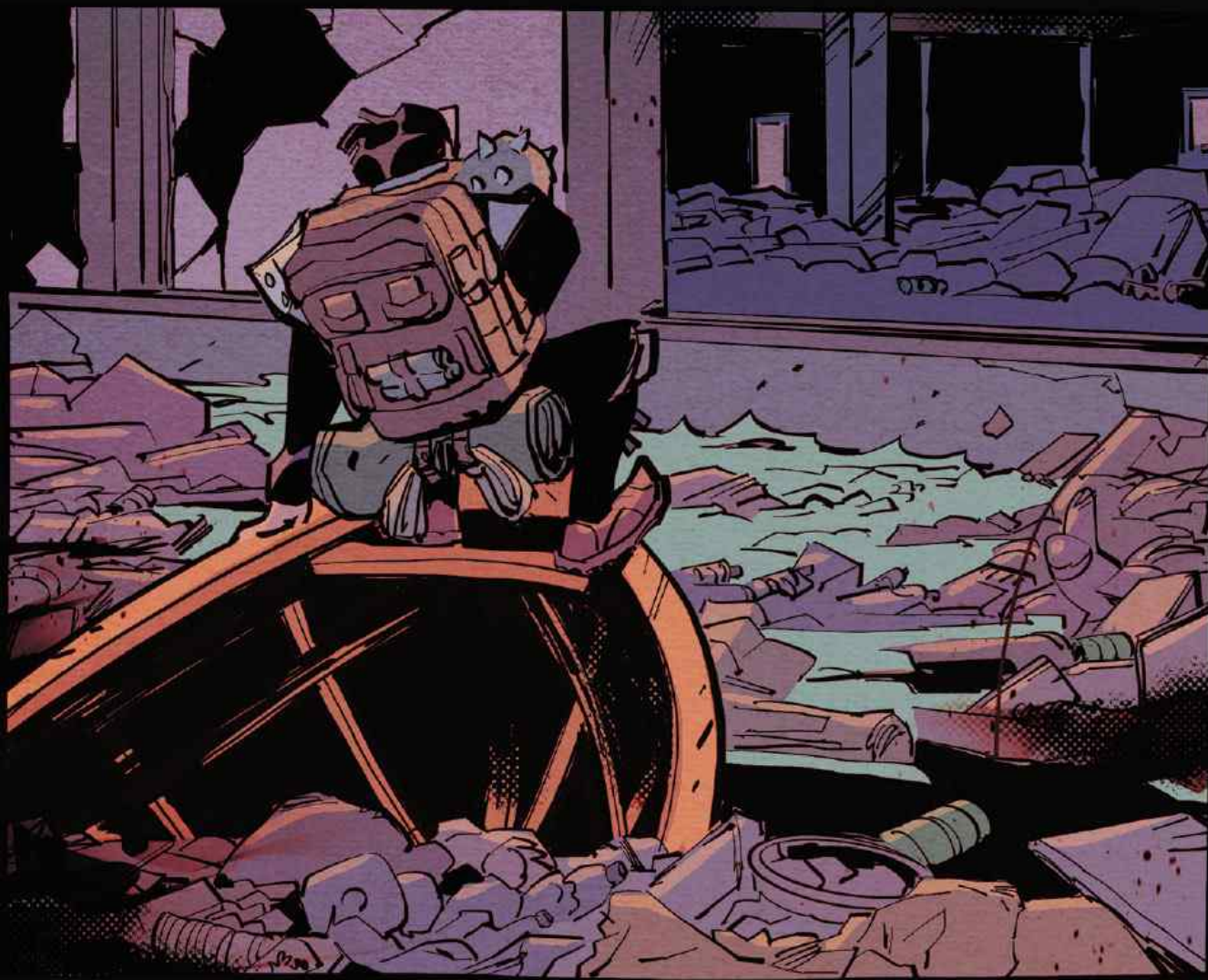
And that was
all it took.

To change
everything.

SHITTING
SHIT!

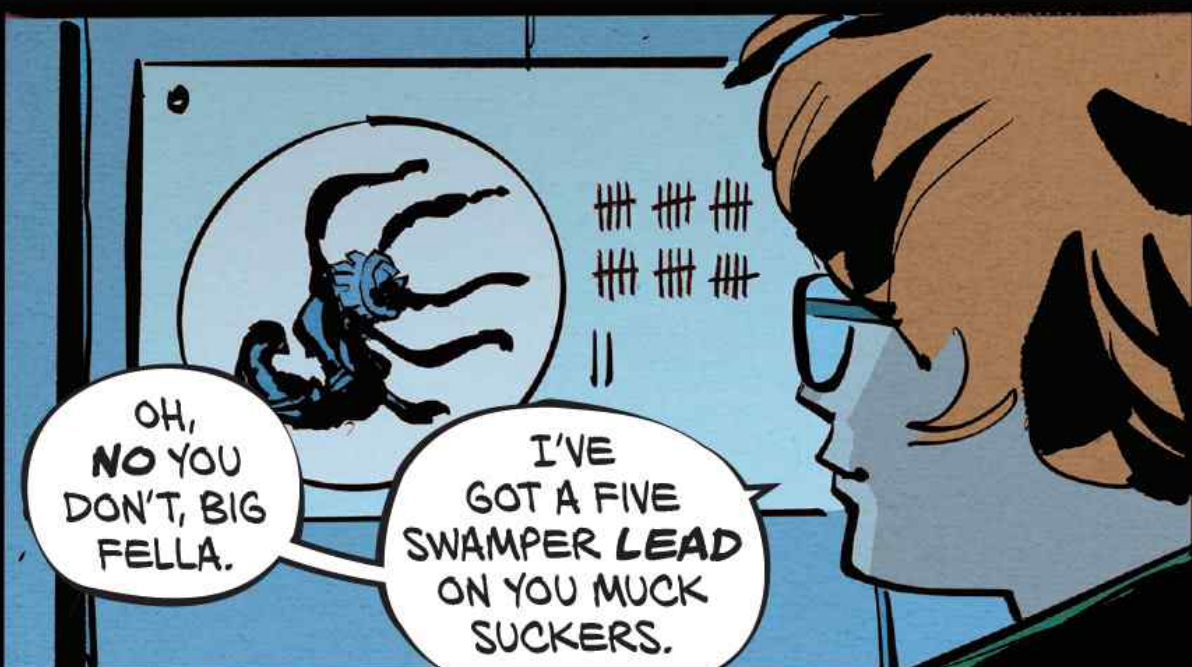
To change the
entire world.

Or at least
what was
left of it.











UM...

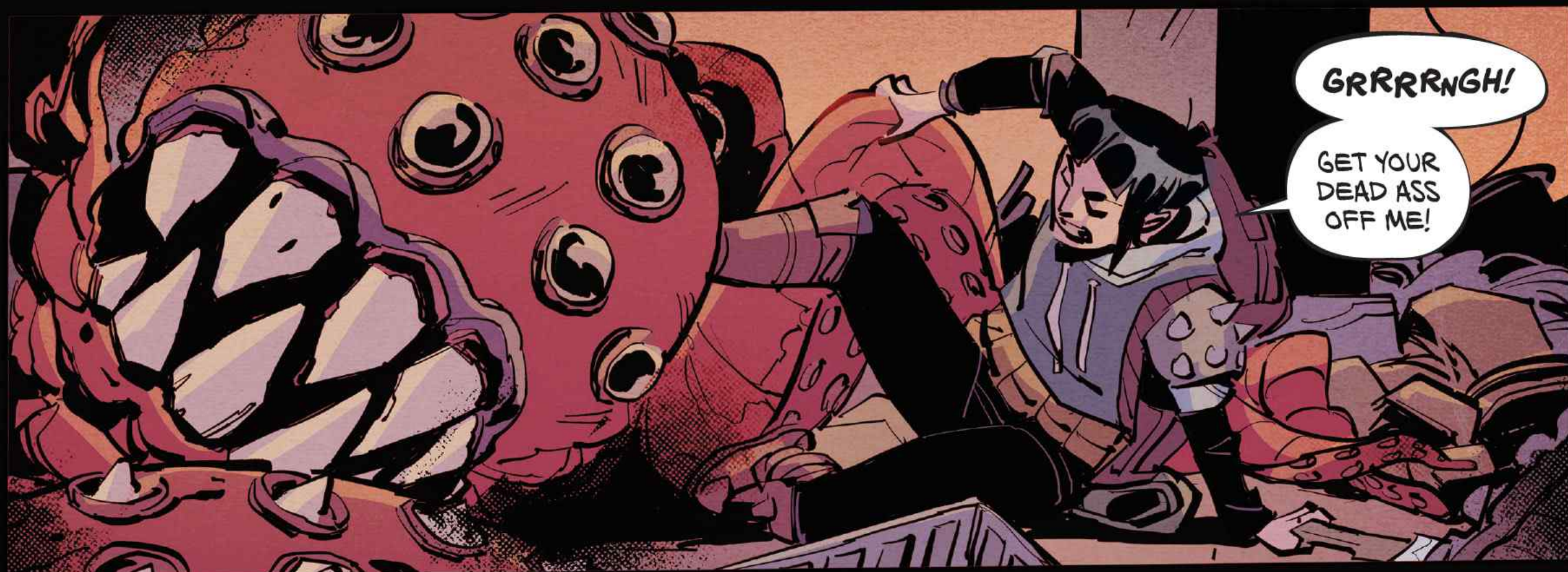
THAT'S
NO ACID
SWAMPER.

IT'S...
IT'S...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THE CRAP IT
IS, IT'S JUST
SO...

"...SO
MAGNIFICENT."





GRRRRNGH!

GET YOUR
DEAD ASS
OFF ME!



THIS IS MACEO. THERE'S AN
ACID SWAMPER IN THE TOWER,
ONLY IT'S NOT AN ACID
SWAMPER, IT'S A...

...A GIRL?

SHOULD I STILL
BOOM HER OR...I
SHOULD PROBABLY
JUST BOOM HER,
RIGHT?



AH HELL.



THAT'S
RIGHT, I KILLED
YOUR UNCLE!

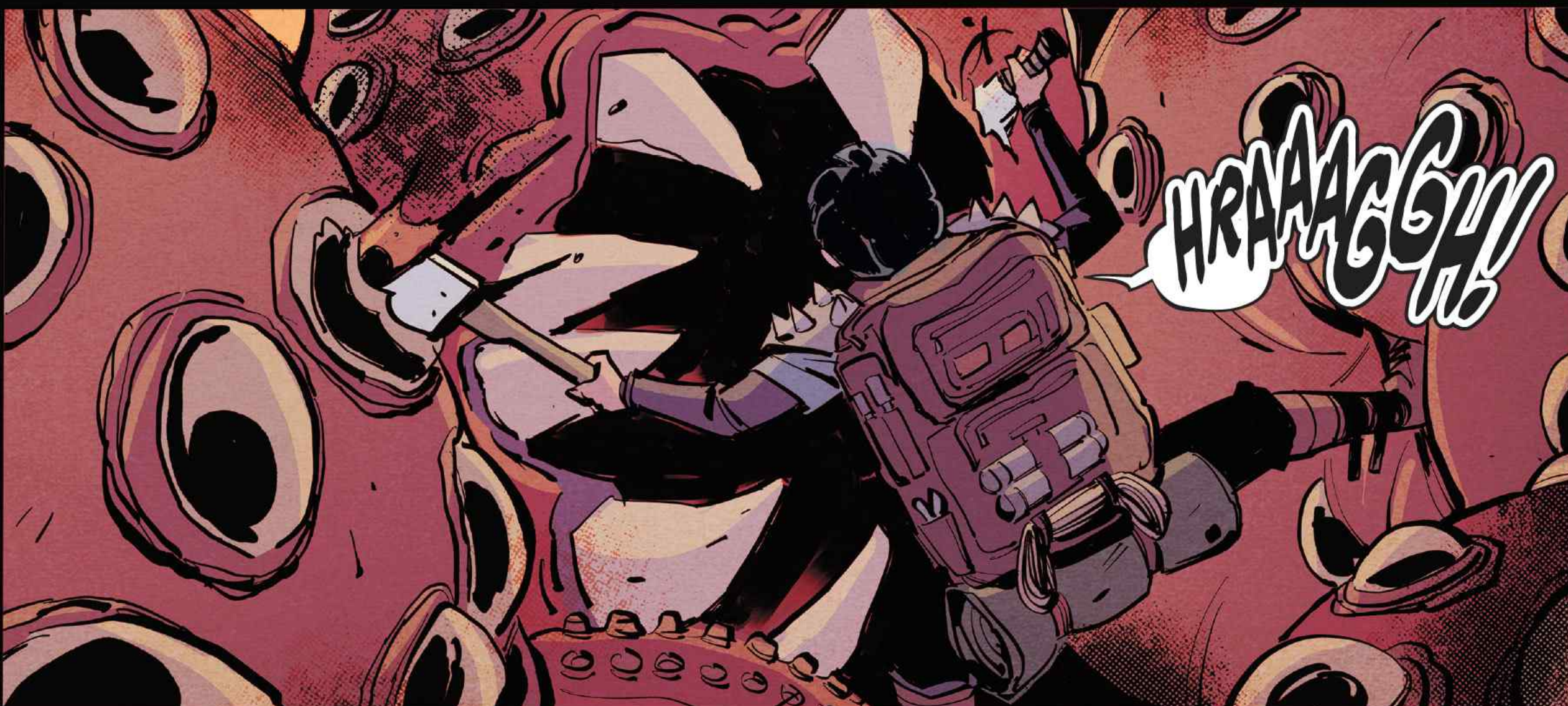
COME AND GET
ME, MOTHER-
FUCKERS!!!



Don't
pull

MOM,
DAD...THIS IS
MACEO...
I...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.



HRRAAGH!













OH, IT'S REALLY **SAFE** IN HERE. **NO ONE** EVER GETS IN. NOT THE ACID SWAMPERS OR THE STREET MEAT OR THE SKIN SAILORS.

HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE **BALL PIT** WHERE I BOOM 'EM ALL?



RIGHT, MAYBE AFTER YOU EAT.

YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD TAKE THE **WRAPPING** OFF BEFORE YOU... NEVERMIND.

HEY, DID I TELL YOU MY **NAME**?

I DIDN'T, DID I? OH MAN, CLASSIC **MACEO**.



IT'S **MACEO**.

MY NAME.

WHAT'S YOURS?



CRUNCH
MUNCH
SNARF



EZ-ME-RELD A?



KEEP YOUR EYES TO YOURSELF OR I'LL CARVE THEM OUT, FUCKO!



SURE, YEAH, THAT SEEMS FAIR.

YOU WANT MORE **CANDY**, EZMERELDA?





DO YOURSELF
A FAVOR, KID, AND
NEVER LEAVE
THIS TOWER.

YOU WOULDN'T
LAST A **DAY** OUT
THERE.



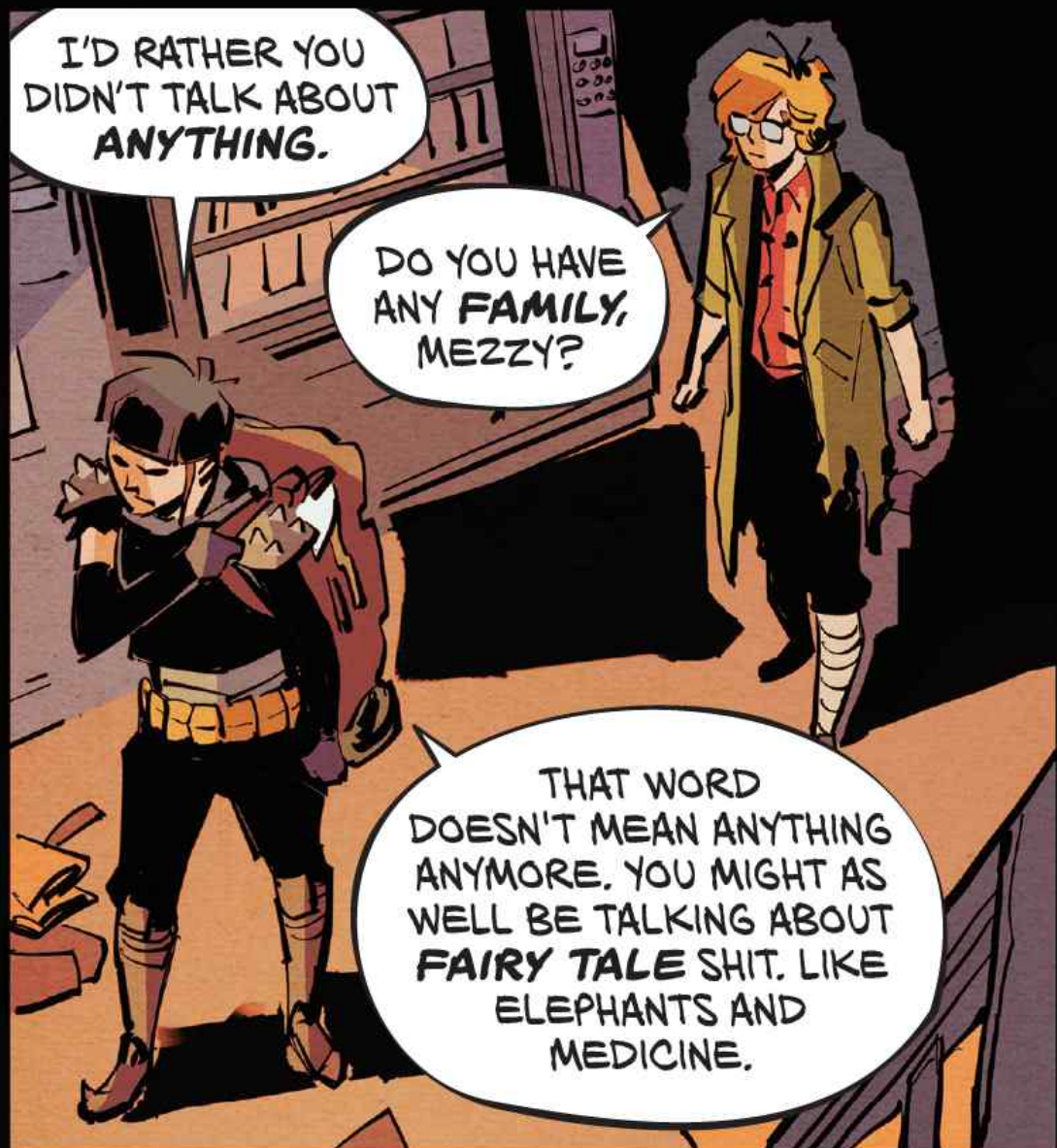
WHY WOULD I
LEAVE? I'VE GOT
EVERYTHING I COULD
EVER WANT RIGHT
HERE!

AND MY
PARENTS
ALWAYS SAID I
SHOULD NEVER
GO OUTSIDE.



EVEN BEFORE
THEY WENT OUT
SCAVENGING AND
WELL...

...I GUESS
I'D...RATHER NOT
TALK ABOUT THAT
IF IT'S ALRIGHT.



I'D RATHER YOU
DIDN'T TALK ABOUT
ANYTHING.

DO YOU HAVE
ANY **FAMILY**,
MEZZY?

THAT WORD
DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING
ANYMORE. YOU MIGHT AS
WELL BE TALKING ABOUT
FAIRY TALE SHIT. LIKE
ELEPHANTS AND
MEDICINE.



SO YOU'VE BEEN ALL
ALONE OUT THERE?

I'M ALONE
NOW, THAT'S WHAT
MATTERS. AND I PLAN ON
STAYING THAT WAY. HOW
DO I GET OUT OF
THIS PLACE?



HEY, YOU
HEAR ME?

WHERE'S
THE **EXIT**?

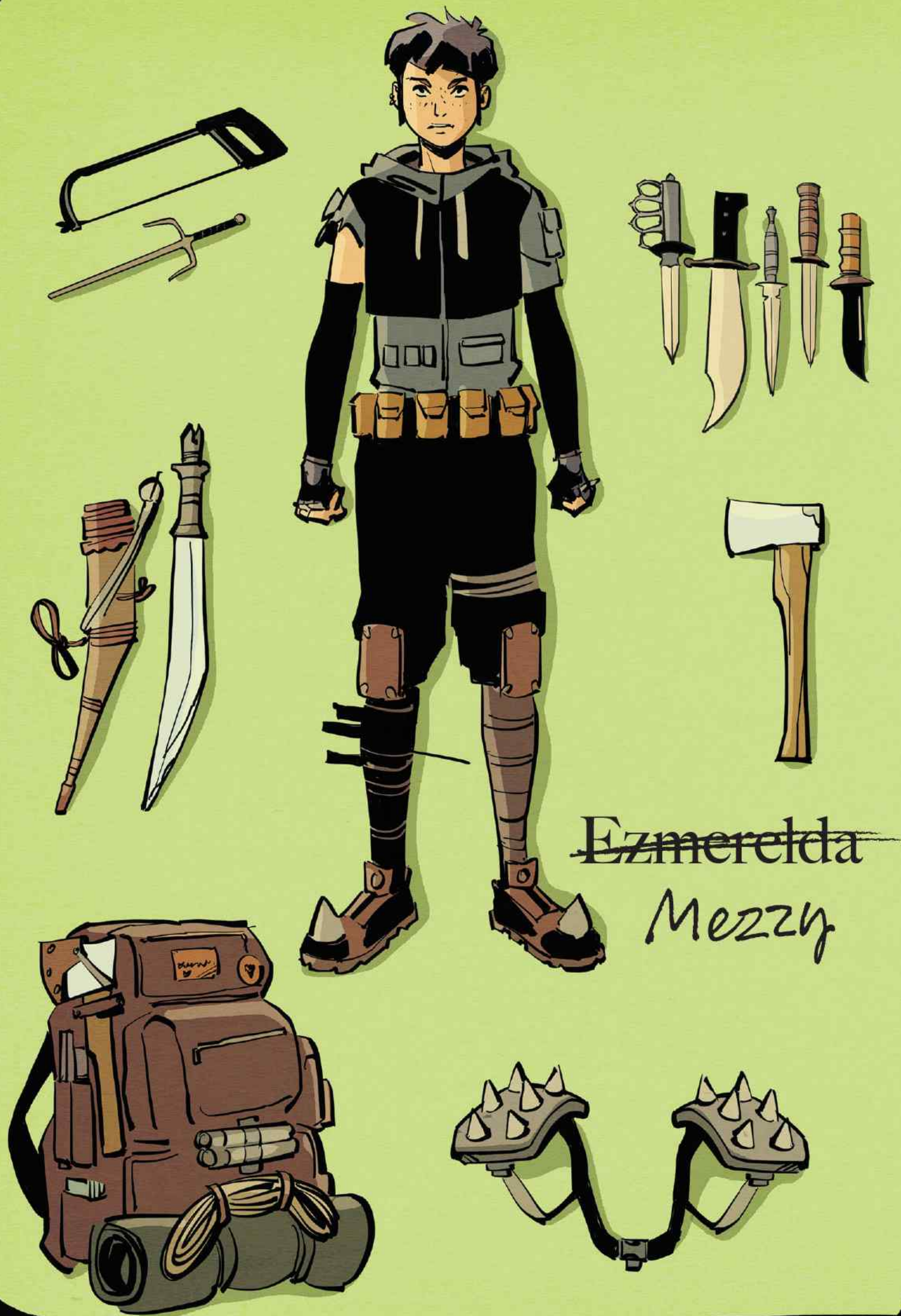


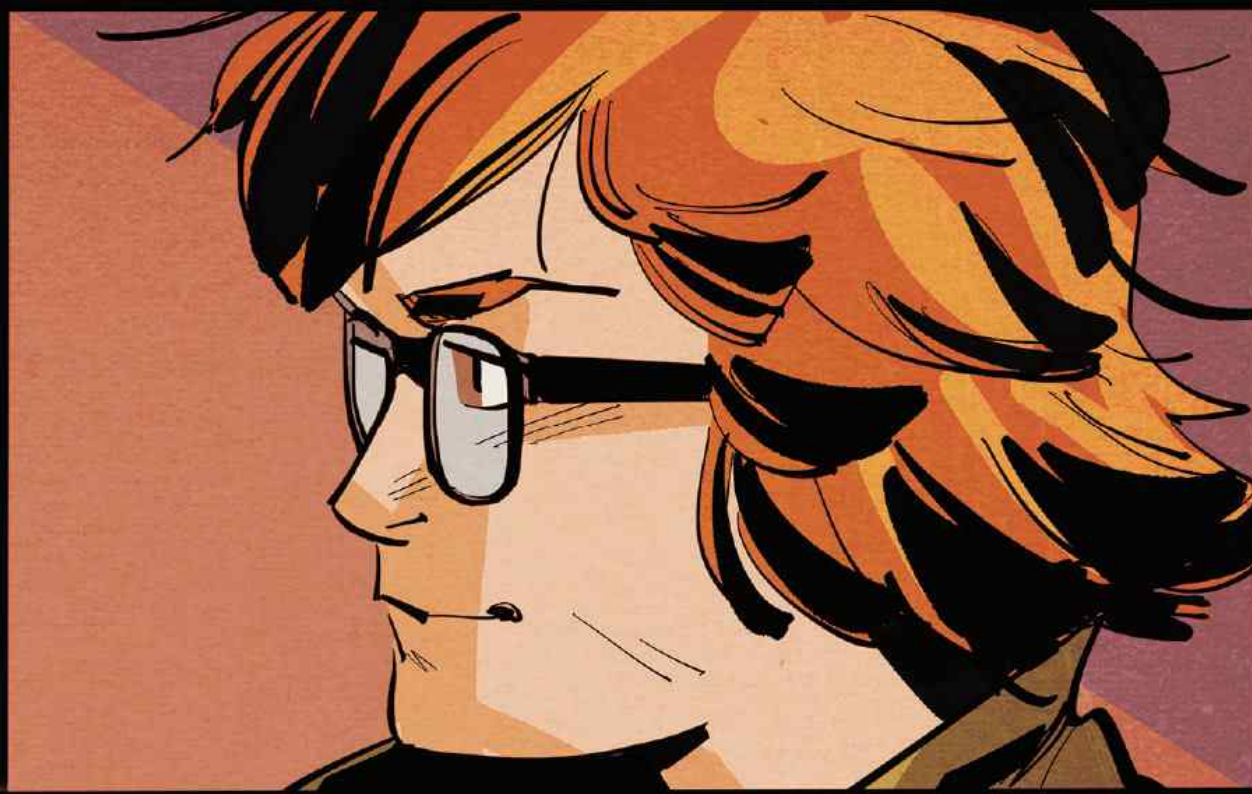
KID? YOU GETTING
THE RADIATION FITS
OR SOMETHING?



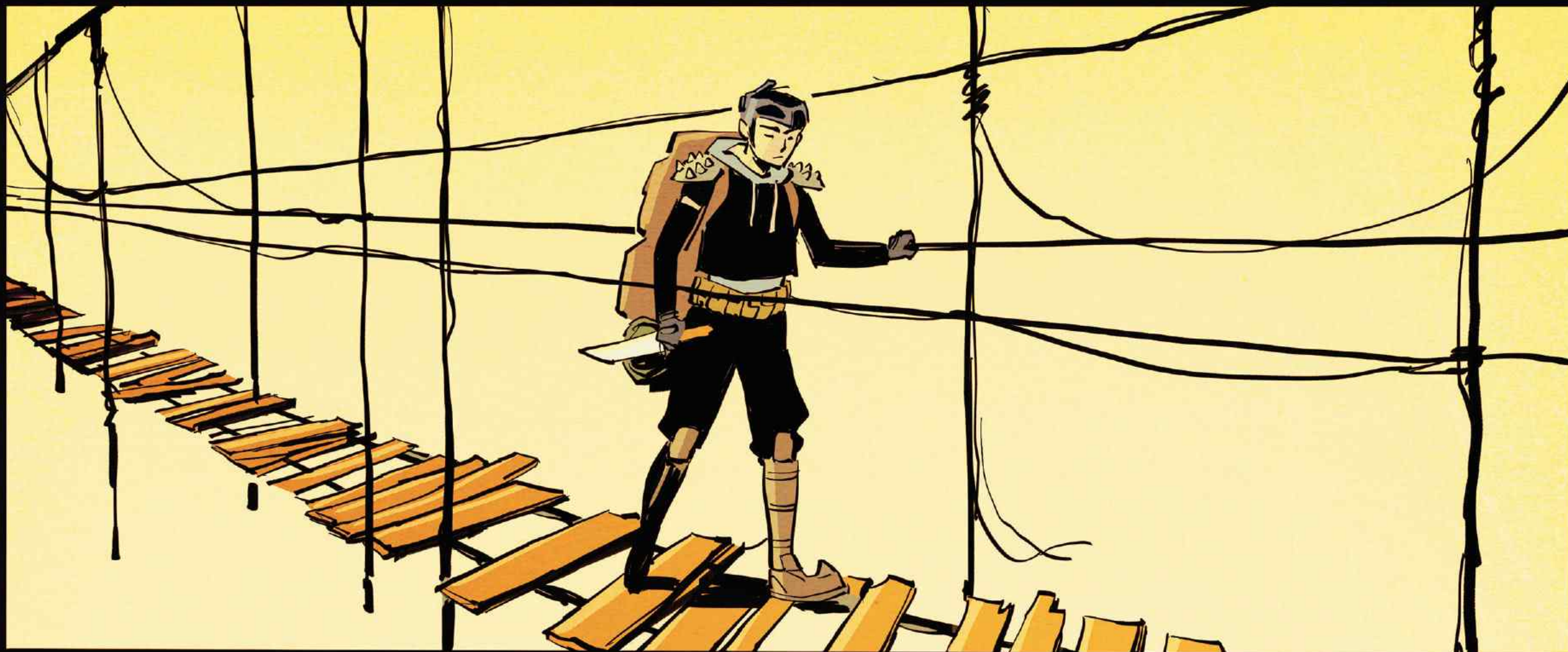
WHAT?

WHAT THE
FUCK ARE YOU
STARING
AT?

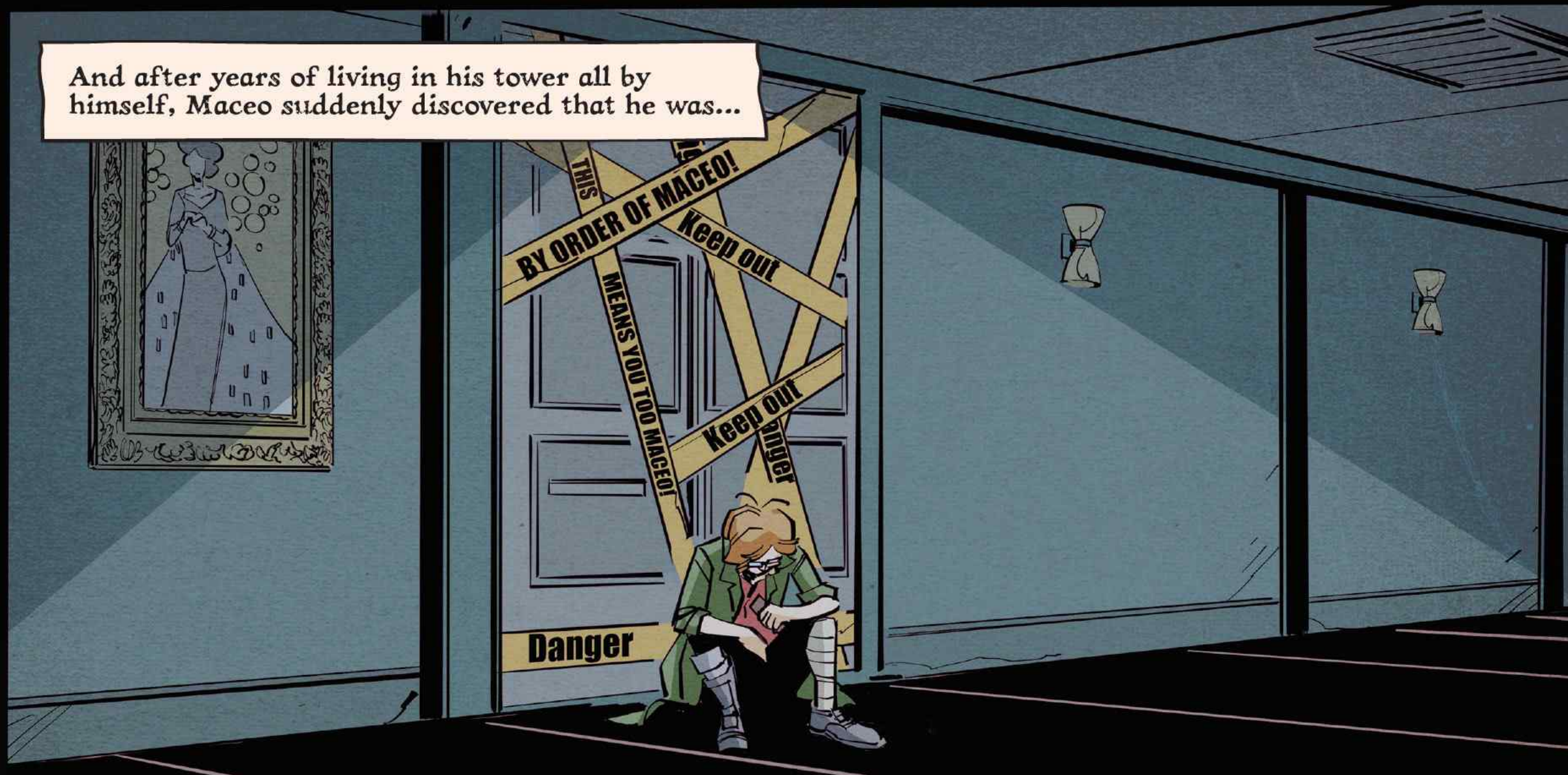








And after years of living in his tower all by himself, Maceo suddenly discovered that he was...



...alone.

I ALWAYS FIGURED...THERE WAS NOTHING BUT SWAMPERS AND SKINNERS OUTSIDE THE TOWER.

I NEVER IMAGINED...



...SOMEONE LIKE HER.

IT JUST FEELS LIKE... THINGS ARE SOMEHOW DIFFERENT NOW. ALL BECAUSE I...



BECAUSE I OPENED THE DOOR.





I'M SORRY, I KNOW
Y'ALL ALWAYS TOLD ME TO
NEVER OPEN THE DOOR
FOR ANYONE, BUT...
I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT.

WHEN I SAW HER, I
FELT ALL FIZZY ON THE
INSIDE AND SWEATY ON
THE OUTSIDE AND...

AH MAN, IS
THAT HOW IT
STARTS?



IS THAT WHAT
THE **SICKNESS**
IS LIKE?

THE ONE
THAT...

MOM,
DAD...



I REALLY
MISS Y'ALL.

...

THIS IS
MACEO.

The shore was silent, except for the lapping of waves against the reef of rust...



...and the crunch of a beach that was as much broken glass as sand.



But all Mezzy heard were the screams inside her head.

She had brought the screams with her, across the uncrossable sea. But she knew the sea was nothing compared to what lay before her.



Mezzy reached deep into her bug-out bag, hoping to find some sun shields or landfill spikes among the supplies she'd so frantically grabbed when she fled.

OH...SHIT-FUCKING BALLS.

But instead she found a grim portent...

...that if she thought the Rangers wouldn't bother coming after her...

...she was most assuredly mistaken.

HEY!

THE WASTELAND
RANGERS
GUIDEBOOK





MEZZY!

HEY,
WAIT UP!



OOOF!

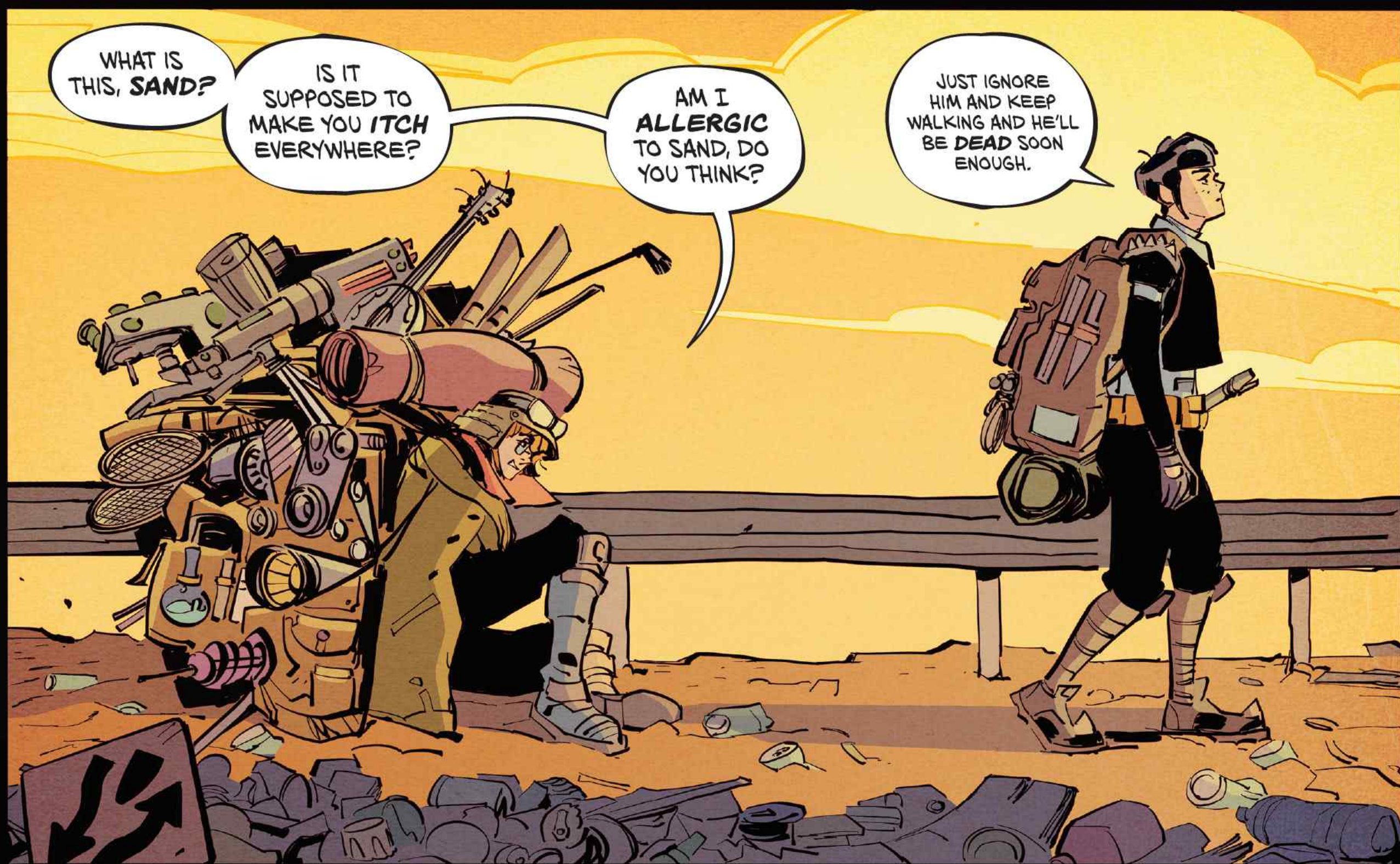
OH NO.
ABSOLUTELY
NOT.



I KNOW! I'M
AS SURPRISED
AS YOU ARE!

BUT I FIGURED,
HEY, YOU AND ME
REALLY SEEMED TO HIT IT
OFF SO GREAT THAT I BET
WE COULD HAVE A REALLY
AWESOME **ADVENTURE**
TOGETHER, YOU
KNOW?

CAN I...UGGH,
GET A **HAND**
HERE?

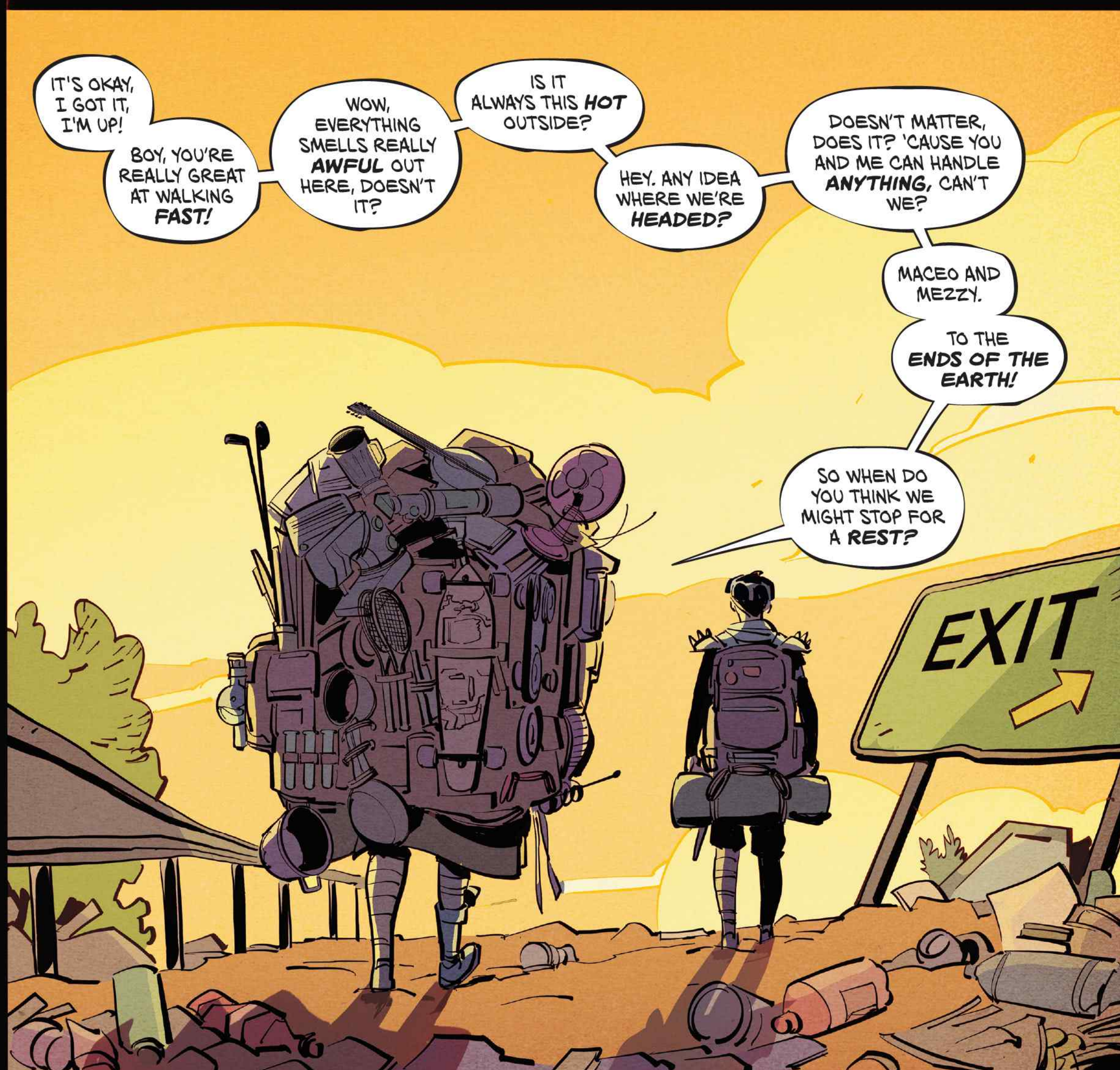


WHAT IS THIS, **SAND**?

IS IT SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOU **ITCH** EVERYWHERE?

AM I **ALLERGIC** TO SAND, DO YOU THINK?

JUST IGNORE HIM AND KEEP WALKING AND HE'LL BE **DEAD** SOON ENOUGH.



IT'S OKAY, I GOT IT, I'M UP!

BOY, YOU'RE REALLY GREAT AT WALKING **FAST**!

WOW, EVERYTHING SMELLS REALLY **AWFUL** OUT HERE, DOESN'T IT?

IS IT ALWAYS THIS **HOT** OUTSIDE?

HEY. ANY IDEA WHERE WE'RE **HEADED**?

DOESN'T MATTER, DOES IT? 'CAUSE YOU AND ME CAN HANDLE **ANYTHING**, CAN'T WE?

MACEO AND MEZZY.

TO THE **ENDS OF THE EARTH**!

SO WHEN DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT STOP FOR A **REST**?

EXIT

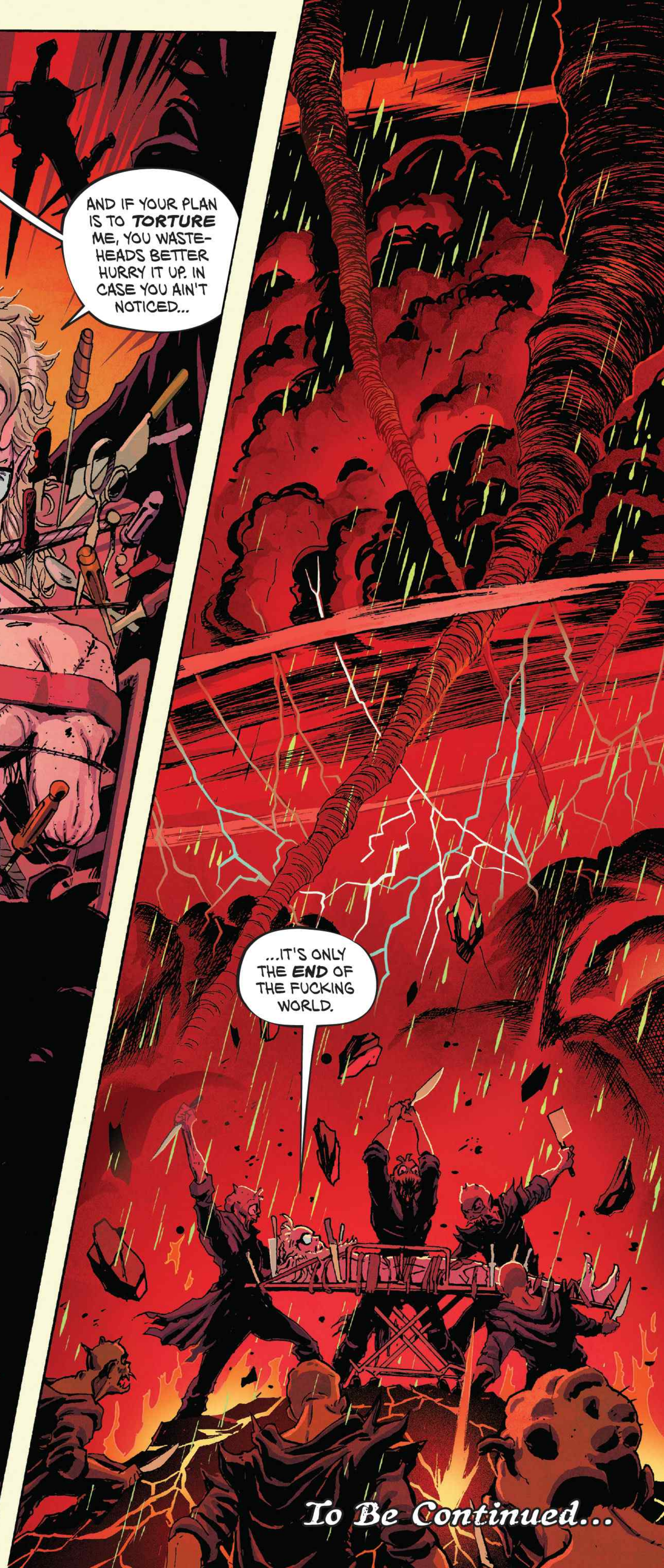
Years later.





THEY CALL
ME **MACE**.

AND IF YOUR PLAN
IS TO **TORTURE**
ME, YOU WASTE-
HEADS BETTER
HURRY IT UP. IN
CASE YOU AIN'T
NOTICED...



...IT'S ONLY
THE **END** OF
THE **FUCKING**
WORLD.

To Be Continued...

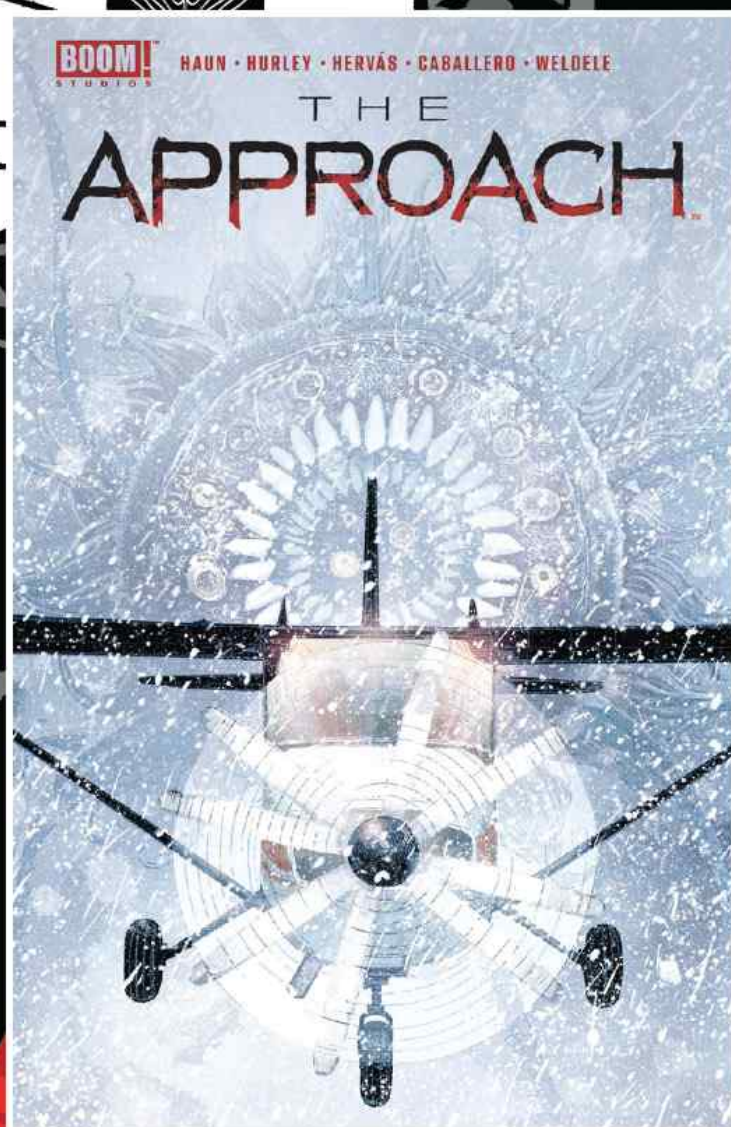
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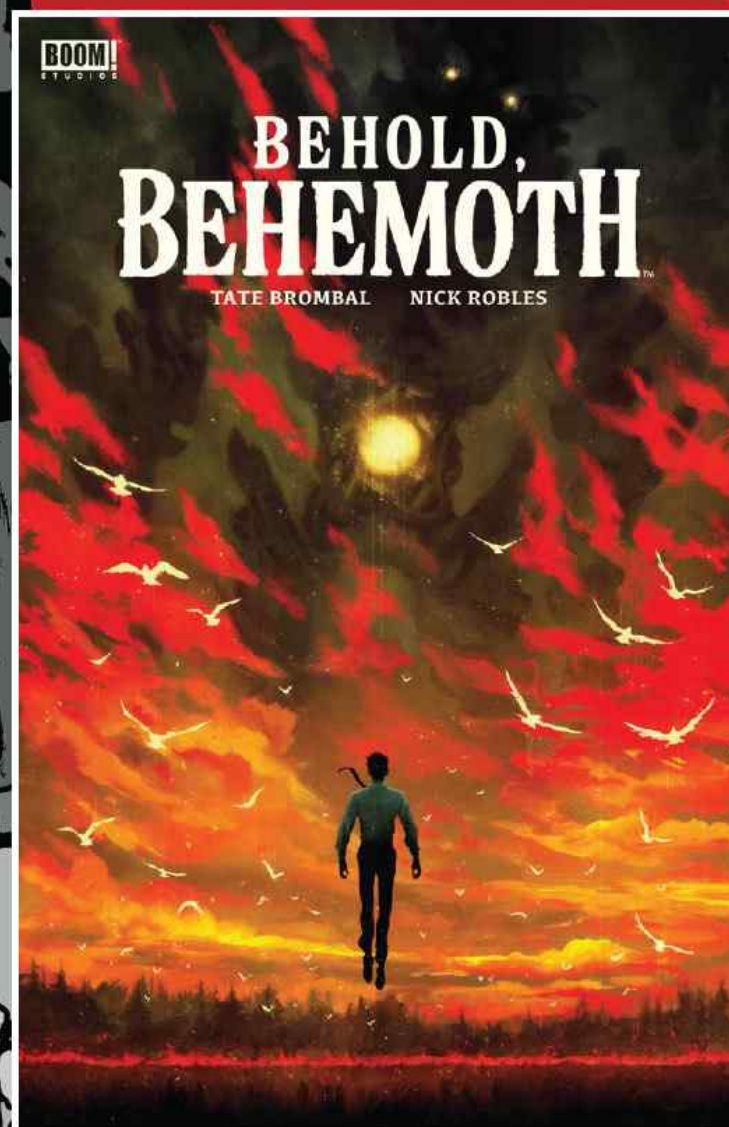
DAMN THEM ALL

Meet Ellie "Bloody El" Hawthorne: occultist-for-hire. Following the death of Ellie's uncle, an infamous magician and occult detective, the 72 devils of the Ars Goetia are mysteriously freed from their infernal realm. Now it's up to Ellie to track down each of these exiled demons and damn them right back to Hell by any means necessary... holy water, conjuration, or just her trusty, rusty claw hammer.

ON SALE NOW



ON SALE OCTOBER 2022



ON SALE OCTOBER 2022



ON SALE NOVEMBER 2022

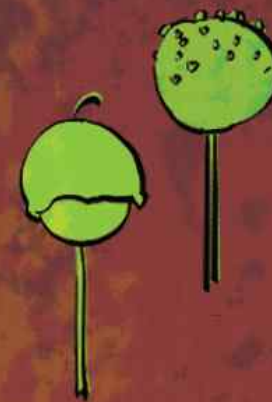
BOOM! STUDIOS DISCOVER YOURS

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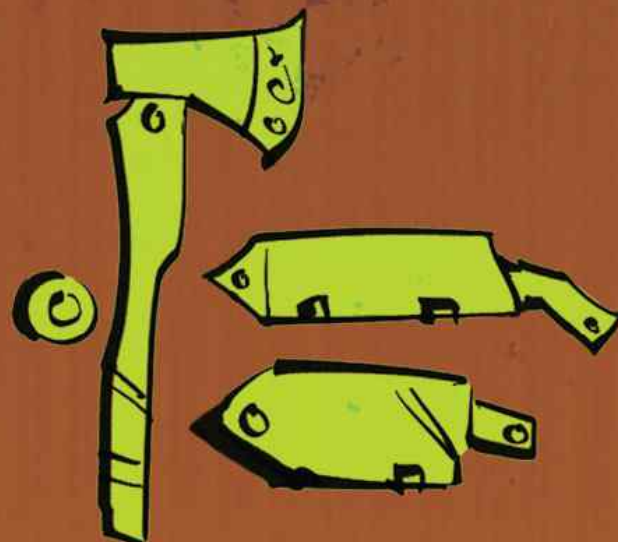
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